

THE ARIEL.

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

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SIMON SNYDER,

LATE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The portrait of Governor SNYDER, which accompanies this number of the Ariel, is considered a striking likeness. Governor SNYDER was a native of Northumberland County, Penn. He was apprenticed to the farming business at an early age, at Bethlehem, where, under the care of the pious Moravians, he received the rudiments of an English education. Returning to Northumberland, he was noticed for his habits of industry, his fondness for reading, and his attention to the projects and speculations which at that time agitated the public mind, relative to the formation of a new Constitution for Pennsylvania, and the call of a convention for that purpose. He was elected a member of that convention, but as he possessed but moderate talents as a public debater, he was a silent member, voting, however, almost uniformly with those members most distinguished for the profession and promotion of those provisions in the present constitution considered most democratic. Upon the organization of the new Constitution SIMON SNYDER was early returned by the people of Northumberland as a Representative in the Assembly, where as a vigilant and attentive member, he became popular in the House and was elected Speaker. In the autumn of 1808 he was elected Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, in which distinguished office he was supported by a majority of the people at three successive elections, holding the office nine years. By his acts, as Governor, he opposed the chartering of the numerous Banks in this state, and returned the Bill, with his reasons for declining to sign it. About the time of his election to the office of Governor, his first wife died; but he remained a short time in the weeds of affliction, and espoused the relict of Major Scott, of Lancaster, a lady well known for polite accomplishments, and her readiness at keen repartee. They lived in the utmost harmony and affection until separated by his death, in the autumn of 1819, aged about 60 years.

EMMA, THE FOUNDLING,

A TALE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY:

Selected for the Ariel from the French of Madam du Bon.

[Concluded from page 60.]

Emma was thrown by his sudden departure from the elevation of gratitude and joy, to a listless torpor, that void of heart, the forerunner of vague fears and sad dejection. She had remained riveted to the spot, gazing up the ravine, where he had dashed aside the branches of birch and ash, to hasten on, and while they still trembled and shook, the illusion of his presence continued: but when the wind, commingling their boughs, swept down the hill their withering leaves into the brook, and rustling the water rust from its narrow channel, darkened the wave; while a sudden cloud shut the sun from the chilling scene,—a vacuity seemed to surround her, a dreary loneliness that was insupportable. She arose, and hurrying along the path he had just trod, reached the bower on the cliff from which she could view his baronial home. At that moment the blast of the horn that had summoned Sir Florestan arose a second time; it rung loud and

long, and broke into a wild flourish, such as the sportsman may give when the stag at bay is too desperate for his single hand to overcome. Such sounds had never before startled those glens and heights; and they seemed to summon human assistance with dreadful earnestness. Emma impelled by strong solicitude and curiosity, followed the direction of the sound, and, proceeded so far that she was lost in mazes that seemed endless. At last, on emerging from the covert, she found herself in an agony of disappointment, in a glade beside a lonely spring, whose small wave rippled and purled around a heap of grey stones, in which was planted a moss-grown cross; while not a vestige or trace near her to guide her search in the right direction. She flung herself beside the scanty fount, and had instinctively raised the cool water in her palm to her fainting brow, when her solitude was interrupted by the approach of an old man, who, having parted the light boughs that hid the road, entered on the lawn before her, and reverently approached the spring. He doff'd his liveried cap, showing a bald head and a few silvered locks, and after crossing himself religiously, stooped to drink of the water, and perceived Emma, whom in his devotional abstraction he had overlooked before. He surveyed her a moment, curiously, and in silence, while she calmly averted her downcast face, and met his scrutiny with a mute and respectful expression of meekness, which the aspect of one aged like Roland instantaneously produced in her manner. It confirmed the menial in the opinion that notwithstanding her beauty, she was a peasant; he was not accustomed to perceive his presence excite that deference in any but the ignoble. "And where you from child?" he asked at length; Emma gave the simple reply, "I tend a flock on the heights."—"Ah then, well met! you save me a long weary walk. The Lady de Vauxel, who is sickly and pining, has been advised by the leech to drink of goats milk from such as browse among the mountain-herbs, and"—"mine," exclaimed Emma, excited by the mention of the Lady de Vauxel, "have never pastured elsewhere, and I will bring a ewer of milk to the Lady by dawn to-morrow. Which road leads to her castle yard?" "That seen through these trees." "Enough; I shall not fail" said Emma, "to come as I promised." And she began to return homeward, animated with the hope of soon affording succour to one dear to Sir Florestan.

At an early hour next morning, she had reached the gate of the Castle de Lormean, when the tramp of a steed over the draw-bridge, and the ringing of harness, startled her with an indefinable fear. She raised her eyes and encountered those of a stout built grim horseman, in half armour, who paused an instant in his speed, fixing on her a broad sudden stare, that petrified her with amaze and alarm. Muttering an imprecation, he, however, clapped spurs to his horse and passed on. While she yet trembled at the aspect of that ferocious and lawless bravo, a fair and tall lady, attended by a male and female companion, also issued from the moat, and came towards her. The lady on approaching her

addressed her kindly, and with visible interest—"Alice, nurse," said she, "take care of this milk for me;" and "O! Sir Prior," addressing the person beside her, "how it troubles my heart," said she, "to find in that peasant's face so great a resemblance to thy departed brother!" He to whom she spake, a low-brow'd, crafty priest, replied, with a sinister contortion of visage, which he meant for archness, "My lady there is nothing, I believe, unnatural in that; come, come, (he added) you have walked in this bracing air for an invalid;" and taking her arm in his, he would have hurried her along; and silently placing a silver piece in the hand of Emma, bent her slow steps homeward by the side of her maid.

The next morning Emma was again at the gate of the castle, but as she entered the court yard, perceived domestics hurrying to and fro, and messengers entering and departing in precipitate haste. She asked for Alice, and that personage, a spare, tender-hearted, mercurial little woman, hurried, with tears in her eyes, to Emma. "Fly, fly!" cried she: "my mistress is dying; Black Morghen is here—the Prior mistrusts thee, and Sir Florestan was suddenly summoned away last night to the camp of the Regent Baldwin: ah, fly, fly! or you will be the sufferer," waving her hand for farewell, she gave an order to a valet, and darted into the hall, just as it was crossed by Morghen. Emma saw him—the ewer escaped from her hand, she turned and fled. She soon heard behind her thick steps, shouts and cries of "stop the traitress, stop the runaway!" She had scarcely time to suppose herself pursued, before she was surrounded by five or six men-at-arms, who rudely seized her, and bore her back, screaming with affright, into the presence of Morghen, and the Prior, who with stern and appalling serenity, and expressions of abhorrence, bade them convey her to the keep and confine her in a dungeon cell. The order was obeyed immediately: and to all her intreaties to know of what she stood accused, she met no return save scornful sneers, or the mandate to keep silence. Day after day rolled on and she was often haunted by the dread idea that she was doomed to expiate in perpetual imprisonment her neglect of the warning words of Roland. At such times, the air within those walls seemed to grow dense and dark, and an unaccountable awe to weigh on her spirits; the flagged door struck a chill to her heart, and the dreary silence of the prison suggested images of destruction and death that drove her to seek refuge in prayer, till broken slumbers settled on her weeping eyes. Seven days had passed without a sound saluting her, save the unbarring of her door to place the pittance of bread and water beside her, when, on the night of the eighth, a light tapping was heard at the door of the cell. "Who knocks," she cried—the friendly voice of Alice answered, "Have patience and keep heart, child! yet a little longer; the wars in rebel Gascony are over, the king returns through our province, and Sir Florestan with him. The Lady de Vauxel is better, but let none know what I have told you, or 'twill be my ruin. Farewell, I've

braved every hazard to speak with you." Emma had not even time to thank Alice, ere she had departed; but she thanked her in spirit; she arose from her pallet, her bosom throbbing with exultation, and approaching the grated soupirail, gazed on the brown tops of the distant mountains, and the clouds travelling over the dark sky, flying fast, and faintly lighted by the crescent moons: "Ye are not more free," she cried, "than I shall soon be; let but my sworn knight touch the threshold of this castle, and this durance shall melt from me like a dream!"

Early next morning she perceived an unwonted stir and tumult in the prison, and voices issuing indistinct commands: the sounds grew nearer, "God be thanked; they come to free me," she said, and darted to the door. It rolled on its hinges, and armed men entered. In vain she sought to distinguish among them a familiar face.—"Manacle the prisoner," ordered one, "Never fear," replied another, "there's no chance of a rescue methinks." Emma had expected Florestan, and found herself in the midst of guards: she had counted on liberty, and was, instead, to be loaded with chains. But, strong in the pride of innocence, she calmly repulsed with her hand the first that touched her, and addressing the rest with mild dignity, exclaimed, "Why employ force against one so weak and so defenceless? whither would you lead me?" "To Vic-le-Compte, to stand your trial before your judge." "Proceed then, and I shall follow you; the Almighty, a greater judge than he, will not desert my cause." The men-at-arms looked in each others faces a moment, irresolutely, then making a sign to her to follow, silently descended to the court. There, placing her in the midst, they shaped their course to the capitol.—After a tedious journey of several hours, in which they rode swiftly on, discouraging only in whispers as they stole furtive glances at their prisoner, they entered the town of Vic-le-Compte. Emma had scarcely gazed with wonder at the populous streets with busy throngs, before a crowd pressed around her, and she heard repeated on all sides, "so young, so lovely, and so depraved." "Alas! I am innocent," was her mental reply; but to meet reproach on every tongue, and contempt in every eye; so agitated and distressed her, that to the common observer she seemed overwhelmed by the trepidation of conscious guilt. At the gate of the Palace of Justice, she was given up to the civil authorities and introduced into the Council Hall. At the head of this apartment a venerable old man in scarlet and white robes, was seated on a high tribunal, surrounded by counsellors and auditors. It was the Count de Auvergne; at his right hand was the Prior de Simiane; a shudder of rage and hate crossed his frame, whenever his eye fell on the accused, who was placed apart while the witnesses were sworn to declare to the truth. The Hall was crowded with spectators, who witnessed the preparatory ceremonies with impatience, and waited in breathless silence, until the Count, rising, had called the prisoner to appear at the bar. Their surprise increased when a slender girl dressed in the peasant's costume of hidden gray, advanced and casting her hood and cloak aside, showed thick clustering locks of bright brown resting on a pure white neck and brow, a face beaming with simplicity and ignorance, though pale with grief, and eyes whose mildness might have melted the fiercest to pity. "From what part of our provinces are you?" interrogated the count, as he surveyed her with grave compassion. "I lived in the valley beyond the mountains." "And your father's name?" "I know not; I am a

foundling, and owe my preservation to a good mountaineer, who was a father to me, and taught me to act uprightly." "What were your motives or inducements then, (alas for such early iniquity) to poison the Lady de Vauxel of the Castle-ward of Lormance?" Emma recoiled with horror. "O Roland my father, my father, you said truly that there were evil ones in the world! My Lord, I am innocent." "I have proofs that are unquestionable," said the Prior de Simiane, "and the motives of her crime are known. That insidious young peasant had seduced the affections of Sir Florestan, the heir at law of the name and lands of Lormance. I can bring witnesses of his having spoken of her with the greatest warmth to the Lady de Vauxel, and even proposed introducing her into her household. Far be from me the thought of criminating Sir Florestan; indeed an evidence of his innocence may be found in the very crime itself: it was undoubtedly committed by one, ignorant that I have been designated heir by the testament of my sister in law, the Lady de Vauxel. But that artful paramour flattered herself with the expectation of being married to Sir Florestan, and taking the place of his unfortunate relative." "Believe him not," cried Emma; "could Sir Florestan be the accomplice of a crime? My Lord, I am innocent." The Prior confronting the accused with a stern stare, exclaimed, "and what next wilt thou say when I produce this ewer in which you brought the milk, with the dregs of poison still within it? Let Alice be called." The old nurse came with a hasty, but tottering step, and bursting into tears replied to the interrogations, that the vase was hers, though she knew nothing of the poison. "Alice," cried the prisoner, "why deceive, why feign? the ewer is mine: I dropped it in the court of the Castle on hearing of the dreadful news of my lady's illness. Of the poison I know nothing." "My Lord," cried the Prior, "you hear her confess herself the owner of the vase?" "And I beheld her with my own eyes, pour the poison therein!" said a voice, at the bare sound of which Emma trembled: she turned her head fearfully round and recognized Morghen, the one who had cursed her on her first approach to the castle. She turned pale and her heart died within her: her fate seemed inevitable. "My Lord," said the Prior, "witness and proof, all, even to the confusion of the accused, unite against her. In the name of the long friendship that has subsisted between us, punish this iniquitous deed! My sister-in-law is in the lingering agonies of a slow and cruel death; in her name I call for vengeance on her assassin!" "Since it must be so," said the Count with a tremulous voice, "since the crime is proved, and the law commands the punishment, the accused for practising on the life of the Lady de Vauxel with deadly simples, must be burned alive at the stake in three days, if within that time she do not establish her innocence."

The firmness with which Emma nobly bore up against the cruel decree, joined to her youth and her beauty, so strongly interested every spectator, that though the doors of the hall were thrown open to the egress of the crowd, not one had yet stirred to depart, and all seemed in suspense of some mitigation of the sentence; when a knight, who, with visor down, had listened intently to the whole prosecution, now approached the judgment seat, and drawing from his scarf a packet sealed with the royal signet, raised his beaver and thus addressed the Count: "My Lord, infamous calumniators have insulted innocence with accusations which I cannot overpower by positive proofs. To heaven only is the culprit known,

heaven only can mark him out. I had laid this case before the king, and he permits it to be finally adjudged by the judicial ordeal: and I, Sir Florestan d'Estrees, declare myself the champion of the accused. Liar and dastard that thou art," said he, addressing the Prior, "name a champion to answer for the evidence thou hast this day given, and thank heaven for thy station, which protects thy caitiff person from my hand." Then casting his glove at his feet, he added, "if there be any one so fool-hardy as to support perjury at the venture of life and limb, let him raise that gauntlet, if he will, and I shall do battle with him, with the fearful odds against him of the justice of God and this right arm." "Audacious prater," answered the Prior, with white cheek and quivering lip, "the valiant Morghen will support his friend's cause." "Ah, Sir Florestan," said Emma, "that thou knowest me innocent of this charge is enough; risk not thy precious life for one so friendless and so valueless!" "Fear not for me, sweet Emma," he answered, "the judicial trial will lay bare more than one secret iniquity." "My Lord," he added to the Count, "the young king will arrive here to-morrow with his preceptor, the Count of Flanders: it is he who will preside over the lists." "Sir Florestan," replied Auvergne, "this order is balm to my heart; that prisoner I grieved to condemn, and over the lists where the honour of my friend is attacked I wish not to preside; I shall cheerfully give place to the Count of Flanders, and go to prepare for the reception of my sovereign." And having given orders that Emma and Alice should be accommodated in his palace, he dissolved the session.

The next day the King arrived at Vic-le-Compte. Workmen had been previously busily employed—the lists were enclosed, and the barriers and balconies prepared. The Count Auvergne led his youthful prince to a temporary throne erected for him: and the ladies of the court and spectators from far and near thronged the galleries. Alone at the head of the lists, in the midst of armed guards who kept at a respectful distance, was Emma, awaiting the award of that day's encounter. Clothed in white, and pale as her drapery, she sat with upraised eyes and clasped hands, motionless as a statue. At the appointed hour Sir Florestan descended from his charger and crossed the arena. Morghen, in complete armour, on a strong steed, entered the barrier at the same moment; with a slight inclination of his head to the king, he gave a bold gaze at the circle of spectators, and, dismounting, threw his reins to his squire. He advanced to the side of Sir Florestan: to each a second was allotted by the king, and by these they were led to the scaffold, where were seated the judges and the marshal of the field. A venerable ecclesiastic now approaching, painted to them both, in energetic colors, the consequences of a false oath, and tendered them a volume of the Holy Gospels, which each, kneeling, pressed to his lips. Sir Florestan then made oath three several times, that he whom he accused was veritably guilty of calumny and perjury. Morghen swore thrice, also, that his accuser was a traitor and a perjurer, and lied to his throat. Each declared too, that he used no necromantic arts, and wore no charmed herb, or amulet. These ceremonies concluded, they descended and mounted their horses: the marshal of the field threw down the steel glove, the signal of battle, and the herald cried, "God wills, the king allows, let the combatants start."

They had, in the mean time, each galloped their horses to a different end of the lists, and now turning, rushed to meet each with furious

impetuosity: their lances were shivered to the grasp, and each drawing back from the violence of the shock, gave his horse breath, and unsheathed his sword. They joined again, and Sir Florestan, who knew the immense strength of his antagonist, directed his whole attention to the deceiving and eluding his strokes: he wheeled his courser with such admirable dexterity, and parried his blows with such decision and address, that the superiority of the strength of his enemy was lost in superfluous and ineffectual efforts: and Morghen perceived that his wily adversary, flushed with confidence, and unexhausted by his preceding manœuvres, was about to take advantage of his impatient fury. Aiming more steadily, therefore, he struck at the sword of Sir Florestan, and shivered that good blade into a thousand pieces. A faint cry of despair broke from many of the spectators, but was hushed in a moment: for the laws forbade any sound or noise that might advise the combatants, or take their attention. A noble who should infringe this regulation would lose his horse; and a yeoman would lose an ear or a hand.—Such was the custom of the times.

Sir Florestan parried one thrust with his broken sword, and spurring his horse, rode rapidly away a few paces until he could disengage his battle axe from his belt: as suddenly returning on his pursuer, he rose in his stirrups as he passed him in wild career, and dealt him with all his force such a blow on his casque, that it divided both steel and bone. Blinded with the blood and reeling with the shock, Morghen made a violent and useless pass at the enemy, which brought himself to the ground. He was thrown ahead of his horse, at full length, and the restive animal, snorting, passed over him, and buried its hoofs in his side. Sir Florestan sprang from the saddle, and placed his foot on the prostrate and weltering wretch. "Confess, while thou hast yet breath!" cried he. "Yes, I poured the poison," said the dying man; I would have murdered, at the instigation of the Prior de Simiane, that unfortunate Lady de Vauxel whom I had already deprived of her child. I was not then so hardened as to kill the innocent babe: I left it where I deemed it might be found by shepherds."—"On the summit of the gray mountains to the north?" exclaimed Sir Florestan. "Even so," answered the dying knight. "The resemblance of the peasant Emma racked us with suspicions, and I agreed for half the estate of Lormance to make way with its mistress and swear to the agency of Emma. Let the Prior, who instead of counselling me to virtue, shared my orgies, answer for my lost soul!—ora pro me," murmured he, and with a groan his spirit fled. The heralds and officers of the field who had gathered round to take his deposition, cast grateful glances to heaven for the justice of his end, and resumed their places, while the marshal of the day ordered the common hangman to be summoned to drag his vile clay to the gibbet. Emma was next proclaimed innocent, according to the usual formalities, but her place was unoccupied: it was enough for her to have seen the terrible Morghen felled to the earth, and her lover alight unharmed. She was transported aside by attendants, and Alice hailed her reviving senses with the greeting of, "The Child of my mistress! the Countess Emma de Vauxel." When the victor Sir Florestan was presented to the young king, he led him to Emma, a peasant, and a prisoner no longer, and said, "This lady, an orphan heiress, is my ward; but beauty and innocence should ever be the meed of valor; and knowing thy heart, Sir Florestan, I cannot but hope that Emma de Vauxel will be willing to annul

all the obligations of Emma the Foundling."

Some time after, when the Lady de Vauxel had happily recovered from the effects of the deadly drug which had been administered to her for her destruction, and when the Prior de Simiane, degraded from his dignities, and confined in the cloisters of an ascetic order, was expiating his crime in sackcloth and ashes, Emma, restored to her mother, to her estate, and to her full fame, gave her hand to Sir Florestan d'Estrees. The lovers jointly erected a chapel over the grave of Roland; and the cottage in the valley was often the favourite termination of the rambles of the proud, noble Sir Florestan, and the Countess d'Estrees.

S. M. C.

MARRIAGE.

I have often remarked the eagerness of all classes of people to read or hear the accounts of marriages. "So! John has taken to himself a wife," cries one. "Ah, there has been a wedding," cries another. "Lack a day," exclaims an old lady, "so, Betty has got a husband at last; and each is anxious to know all the particulars—who married them—who was there—how the bride was dressed, and so on. On such occasions I have particularly noticed that the men seem to sympathise chiefly with the bridegroom, from the cause probably that each has been, or expects to be, in the same delicate and interesting situation of the persons for whom their sympathies are excited. The reason is not difficult to explain. There is no circumstance in life half so interesting as that of entering into the holy bond of wedlock. A choice is made of a companion for life, for good or evil, for prosperity or adversity, for weal or woe, or, in the good old set terms of the ceremonial, "for better or for worse." Then, too, the new clothes, the solemn ceremony, the wedding banquet, and the nameless delights appertaining thereto, render this period of life far more interesting than any other. Looking forward, too, through the kaleidoscope of Hope, it presents to the young imagination an infinite variety of splendid and beautiful imagery which charms like illusions of the Persian Genii in the Fairy tales. The young man hopes his turn may come, and I dare not sketch the picture his fancy draws. The girl from budding fifteen through blushing twenty up to ripened womanhood, feels, as she hears the account of a wedding, a soft thrill, vibrating like the treble chord of a piano, through every nerve of her susceptible frame. Her bosom throbs quicker, she breathes with a hurried respiration, yet not painfully; no image that she need blush for, ever casts its passing form across her pure mind, yet she blushes; her eye brightens; her lips assume a deeper stain of the strawberry; she laughs and wonders what ails her, for how is she interested! The old married people are differently affected, and yet they are affected. Memory is busily employed in brushing away the cobwebs of Time (and that Time is a very industrious spider) from the picture of their connubial bliss, the husband chucks his deary under the chin, and, instead of addressing himself to her as "Mrs. Maulty," or whatever her name be, calls her virgin name—"My dear Lucy Howard," and she answers with a modest caress, which speaks most eloquently of the days gone by. Meanwhile, the old Bachelor and old Maid forget the chair is not big enough for them. The old codger whom no one pities but every one in turn laughs at as a "fusty old bachelor," very probably recalls to recollection one who, in the days of youth, reciprocated with him the tenderest feelings of affection; one who listened to the music of his voice with delight; who watched his coming with anxious eye; whose ready ear distinguish-

ed the sound of his footstep from among an hundred; who loved—promised—withered before the nuptial hour gave him a right to pillow her throbbing head in his bosom, and died.—Or the lone virgin designated by the unfeeling world as "an old Maid," may mourn in the depth of suppressed grief, a ruddy youth, of manly brow and gallant bearing, whom the caverns of the ocean have entombed, or who, dead to his plighted faith, may have sought in the arms of wealth for that happiness which true love alone can impart. All, all, are interested.

But the world! what does it care? those who are intent on gain, who worship gold as their God, and have no sympathies unconnected with lucre! Verily, they, too, are interested in marriages. Sitting in my easy chair, these thoughts were passing on my mind when I dozed, and dreamed a feast was getting up, and a large number it was thought would attend. Hymen entered lighted by his torch, a crowd pressed to the door, but no one was admitted until some satisfactory reason was assigned how the person came in Hymen's company. "No one will doubt," said the minister, "my right here; for who could have performed the ceremony were I absent?" and seated himself in a large easy chair. "My worship," said a justice of the peace, "could tie the knot as tight as your reverence." A merchant followed, with bills of rich silks and every variety of elegant patterns for wedding dresses—the mantuamaker and tailor close upon his heels. "They must certainly have bureaus, and probably a cradle," said the cabinet-maker, as he passed along. "And chairs and settee," said the chair maker. At that instant a doctor appeared: Hymen declared he could not conceive how a disciple of Esculapius could be considered as belonging to his train. "It is a source of my most profitable employment," gravely answered the Dr. "Then I have a right, too," exclaimed a nurse, rushing forward, her left arm bearing a piece of diaper. A shout was now raised by the shoemaker, the poulterer, the victualler, the schoolmaster, and the Lord knows who; among the rest, a printer popped his nose in at the door, allured by the delightful savory smell of the terrapin and oyster soup—"it is part of my business to publish the marriages," said he. "Let them in—let them in," said Hymen, "for it is impossible to tell who is not interested, directly or indirectly. Bid them all welcome to the feast;" and I awoke.

On full consideration, I see that there is abundant reason for the interest every body takes in a wedding, and I hear it whispered by those who understand the signs of the times, there will be more weddings the present year and the year to come, than there has been for many years past.

THOMSON.—The author of the "Castle of Indolence," paid homage in that admirable poem to the master passion of his own easy nature. Thomson was so excessively lazy, that he is recorded to have been seen standing at a peach tree with both his hands in his pockets, eating the fruit as it grew. At another time, being discovered in a bed at a very late hour in the day, when he was asked why he did not rise, his answer was, "Troth mon, I see nae motive for rising."

Friendship is the most sacred of all moral bonds. Trusts of confidence, though without any express stipulations or caution, are in the very nature of them, as sacred as if guarded with a thousand articles or conditions.

We follow the world in approving others, but we go far before it in approving ourselves.

MEMORANDA

OF SOME OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Chancellor Wythe, of Virginia; a lawyer; a judge of the purest morals and deepest learning, idle and dissipated until thirty years of age, when he first applied himself to law; the preceptor of Jefferson.

George Reed, of Delaware—an eminent lawyer. His biography is ample, interesting and authentic.

William Williams, of Connecticut, originally a town clerk, but liberally educated—then an upright, benevolent merchant; sacrificed the greater part of his gains to the public service.

Samuel Huntington of Connecticut—a mere ploughman until his twenty-second year; afterwards an eminent lawyer; president of congress; chief justice of his state, and governor. His biography highly curious.

Wm. Floyd, of New York—a farmer; a general; enjoyed a large share of state honors.

George Walton, of Georgia—originally an apprentice to a carpenter in Virginia; self educated to the law; a colonel; wounded in battle; twice Governor of Georgia, chief justice; a senator of the United States.

George Clymer, of Pennsylvania; a merchant; fond of literature; a terse, sententious writer; an efficient and honored patriot. His biography full and interesting, but diffuse.

“Goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.”

Benjamin Rush, as a physician and an author, omni laude cumulatus; the most celebrated of the American faculty; distinguished also for his political connexions and labors.

Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire—a successful practitioner of medicine; army surgeon before the Revolution; a president of the provincial convention; a judge of the Supreme Court; a man of wit and humor; continued to practice physic while a judge, wrote political essays for the newspapers, and prepared a metaphysical work for publication, after he was eighty years of age; died in his eighty-ninth year.

William Whipple of New Hampshire—originally a cabin boy and sailor; a captain at the age of 21; then a merchant; a general, who fought with Gates, and elsewhere; arranged the capitulation of Burgoyne; a judge of the superior court. “As a sailor,” says the biography, “he speedily attained the highest rank in his profession; as a merchant, he was circumspect and industrious; as a congressman, he was firm and fearless; as a legislator he was honest and able; as a commander, he was cool and courageous; as a judge he was dignified and impartial; as a member of many subordinate public offices, he was alert and persevering. He bore all his honors with dignity and propriety.

Dr. John Witherspoon, of New Jersey; an eminent and profound divine; president of Nassau Hall College; a political writer of force and talent; a statesman of great influence and energy. His biography is ample and instructive.

Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania; a merchant; the unrivalled financier of the Revolution; the pecuniary soul of the cause. His biography, like that of others needs compression, but it is interesting and correct.

Abraham Clark, of New Jersey; a surveyor; a lawyer who gave gratuitous counsel.

Francis Lewis, of New York; a merchant and soldier before the Revolution; very useful as a rebel; his fine estate on Long Island, destroyed by the British, and his wife carried off a prisoner; she died soon after, from the

ill treatment which was experienced. He was ruined by the part which he took on the American side—died in the ninetieth year of his age.

John Penn, of North Carolina; uneducated in early life; became a lawyer, and eminent, by opsimathy.

James Wilson, of Pennsylvania; a lawyer of rare capacity, and of surpassing faculties as a speaker and writer and efficient political essayist; the principal advocate of the constitution of 1787, in the Pennsylvania convention; professor of law, and a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. His biography replete with valuable information and political anecdote.

Carter Braxton, of Virginia; a planter; became a merchant; lost all and died of a broken heart.

John Morton, of Pennsylvania; a surveyor; speaker of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania; a judge of the Supreme Court of the commonwealth; gave the casting vote of the Pennsylvania delegation, for the declaration of Independence; originally a plough boy.

Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island; a plain farmer, surveyor, became speaker of the assembly, chief justice, then governor of Rhode Island, a man of superior sense, and a good and successful writer, a distinguished mathematician, and natural philosopher, though his education was slight, and a member of the American Philosophical society. His signature to the Declaration is the only crooked and feeble one. “As it indicates,” says his biographer, “a very tremulous hand in perfect contrast with the bold and prominent writing of President Hancock it may have engendered surmises unfavorable to the determined spirit of Mr. Hopkins. We therefore state, that, for a number of years previous, he had been afflicted with a nervous affection, and when he wrote at all, which was seldom, he was compelled to guide his right hand with his left.”

Thomas McKean, of Pennsylvania, a lawyer of great abilities and ardent revolutionary patriot, chief justice of the Commonwealth, governor, died eighty three years old. His biography entirely authentic, and replenished with instructive details.

James Smith, of Pennsylvania, lawyer and surveyor, remarkable for facetiousness and eccentricity, practised the law for upwards of 60 years, died a nonagenarian. His article very pleasant.

Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, educated in England, an opulent planter, active military officer, commander in chief of the Virginia militia, whom he bravely and skillfully headed at the siege of York Town, governor of Virginia, died in reduced circumstances, having made enormous pecuniary sacrifices to the revolutionary cause.

Joseph Hewes, of North Carolina, a successful merchant, bred a quaker, died when attending Congress, 1779.

George Taylor, of Pennsylvania—on arriving in America from Ireland, bound himself for a term of years as a common laborer, at the Iron Works at Durham, on the Delaware near Easton, was made clerk to the works, the proprietor dying, he espoused his widow, and finally became himself the owner of the whole, amassed a large fortune, got into the provincial Assembly, a member of business. Nothing more recollected of him in the vicinity of his residence, than that “he was a fine man and a furious whig.”

John Hart, of New Jersey—a farmer, surnamed “honest John,” had never held a public office, when he was chosen a delegate to Congress, his farm pillaged and destroyed by the Hessians, his biography possesses a peculiar interest, as a very edifying illustration of the

character and course of an American yeoman.

Lewis Morris, of New York—a gentleman farmer, a large landed proprietor, his whole domain laid waste and ruined by the enemy, had three gallant sons in the field, the celebrated Gouverneur Morris his half brother.

William Ellery, of Rhode Island—a well educated lawyer, an early revolutionary patriot, a very useful member of Congress throughout the war. “He often,” says his biographer, “spoke of the signing of the declaration of independence, and he spoke of it as an event which may be regarded with awe, perhaps with uncertainty, but none with fear.” He used to relate that he had placed himself beside the Secretary, Charles Thompson, and eyed each delegate closely as he affixed his name to the document, and he saw dauntless resolution in every countenance. Ellery died without pain, at the age of ninety three, sitting upright in his bed and reading Tully’s Offices in Latin.

“Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow’d long;
Ev’n wonder’d at because he falls no sooner.
Fate seem’d to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on for twelve winters more;
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.”

Lyman Hall, of Georgia; an emigrant from Connecticut; a well trained physician; a useful member of Congress; made great sacrifices, governor of Georgia, 1783.

Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut; a graduate of Yale College; captain in the army before the Revolution; studied medicine; a major general of militia, aided in conquering Burgoyne; a judge; finally governor of Connecticut.

Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, an accomplished lawyer and scholar, unrivalled at the bar of his profession, travelled with much éclat in Great Britain, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, embarked early and vehemently in the Revolution, surprised and captured by the enemy, and committed to the common jail of New York, congress directed General Washington to interfere in his behalf and threaten retaliation, his health impaired, his property devastated, died prematurely of complicated afflictions, occasioned by his patriotism.

Button Gwinnet, of Georgia; originally a merchant, became a planter, an enthusiastic rebel, president of provincial Council, killed in a duel with general McIntosh, in 1777, at the age of forty-five.

Josiah Bartlet, of New Hampshire, a successful practitioner of medicine, a leading whig in his province, commanded a regiment, the first who voted in congress for the Declaration, and the second who signed it, chief justice of New Hampshire, the first Republican governor of that state.

Philip Livingston, of New York, one of the committee of five appointed to prepare the Declaration of Independence, a graduate of Yale College, a prosperous and honored merchant, conspicuous member of the provincial legislature, speaker, died, while attending congress, in 1778, a martyr to his public zeal.

Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, also one of the committee of five, apprentice to a shoemaker, and pursued the business until after he was twenty-two years of age, travelled on foot, with his tools, gaining a livelihood, nourished his mind by various reading, kept a country store, turned surveyor, applied himself to the law, acquired practice and fame, member of the Albany convention of 1754, judge of the superior court of Connecticut twenty-three years, member of congress from the opening of the first, in 1774, down to the period of his death, in 1793, of great authority and useful-

ness, a member of the convention that framed the present constitution of the United States, took a considerable and influential part in the debate, a senator in Congress, a shrewd and ready writer, a logical debator, a model of probity, discretion and steadfastness, as much revered as any patriot of the times. His biography is full of instruction, but prolix to tediousness.

FOR THE ARIEL.

A MOTHER AT HER INFANT'S GRAVE.

The dark, luxuriant grass which springs
From yon low mound, and waves in air,
Back to my heart the memory brings
Of many a bitter tear shed there.
The form I call'd in fondness mine,
The first sweet pledge of early love,
There moulders, a deserted shrine,
Whose sainted spirit dwells above.
And sweeter now my babe may sleep
Than pillow'd on its mother's breast,
But ah! I still must think and weep
O'er hours thy transient smiles have blest.
Then health and peace their gifts combin'd,
And every hour was wing'd with joy—
To watch the glorious dawn of mind
Was still a mother's dear employ.
Could I then think that cheek of bloom
Would thus its brilliant hues resign?
Ah! no! I never deem'd the tomb
Could veil such budding charms as thine.
And years have pass'd, but still I feel
The lingering pangs of vain regret,
And sure that heart is turn'd to steel
That can an infant's smiles forget.
Now other buds adorn my stem,
As fair as living buds may be,
And I have lived, and joy'd in them,
But never as I joy'd in thee.
For feeling then was fresh and new,
My heart with galling cares unworn,
Oh! would my heart were kind and true,
Sweet cherub, as when thou wert born.
Now happier far than doom'd to see
My heart to wrong and insult bow,
To know thy smiles of thoughtless glee
Chas'd by a father's angry brow.
The turf that lasting rest may give
No softer couch can e'er impart—
But for my offspring's sake I live,
And press them to a breaking heart:
Lull them to rest with fruitless sighs—
The tear no sense of woe beguiles,
Yet they must gaze on weeping eyes,
Whilst thou wert happier nurs'd in smiles.
Adieu, thou hallow'd spot of earth,
My sweetly sleeping babe adieu!
Yet ere the summer flowers have birth
Perchance I'll sleep as sweetly too;
One more embrace shall then be mine,
As icy as my last was warm,
When that green canopy of thine
Shall kindly veil thy mother's form. C.

A young woman of good education, amiable disposition and pleasing manners, was seduced from the path of virtue and innocence, by the promise of immediate marriage from her perfidious lover. She bore her fate sometime with fortitude and even resignation; but at length becoming neglected by her relatives and left dependent on the charity of an unfeeling world, she resigned herself to despair, and determined to end her life by poison. As she stretched forth her hand to grasp the cup containing the liquid death, her eye, by accident, glanced on a WHITE which lay open on the table. The holy book had been opened by her child, which she then held to her bosom asleep. This sentence attracted her attention:—"Daughter, be of good comfort; thy sins are forgiven thee!"—Hope revived in her breast, and the angel of mercy stayed the arm of death.

"Sleep on my babe, thy sleep is calm,
Though pillow'd on pollution's breast,
Sleep on and sip that bosom balm
Which lulls thy little woes to rest.
But ah! my babe, thou dost not hear
The howling storm or rattling hail,
Thou dost not know a mother's fear,
No pangs like her's thy breast assail.
Then sleep thee on—nor wake again
Till she who holds thee sleeps in death,
Yes, sleep thee on thy bed of sin,
Till heaven demands thy fleeting breath.

I cannot weep—though tears would blot,
Forever blot my sins from heav'n;
I cannot pray—O heavy lot!
Though angels whisper'd sins forgiven.

Then hail! thou rosy poison hail,
For thou canst calm this bosom's swell!
Once drank, the world will cease to rail;
Then O! my babe, farewell—farewell!"

She paus'd—for lo! before her eye
The book of heav'n full open lay,
Which her sweet babe—it knew not why,
Had left unclose'd in frolic play.

She read, and while her heart was wrung,
Yet scarcely dared to think of heaven,
A voice pronounced—"twas Mercy's tongue—
"Be of good faith thou art forgiven!"

Her babe awoke—a cheerful smile
O'er all its lovely features play'd—
She dash'd the cup—sweet peace return'd,
And death's uplifted arm was stay'd.

EXTRACT FROM HOPE LESLIE.

"There is no solitude to the good or bad.—Nature has her ministers that correspond with the world in the breast of man. The words, 'my kingdom is within you,' are worth all the metaphysical discoveries ever made by unassisted human wisdom. If all is right in that 'kingdom,' beautiful forms and harmonious voices surround us, discoursing music; but if the mind is filled with guilty passions—and recollections of sin—and purposes of evil, the ministering angels of nature converted into demons, whose 'monstrous route are heard to howl like stable wolves.' Man cannot live in tranquil disobedience to the law of virtue inscribed on his soul by the finger of God. 'Our torments' cannot become 'our elements.'

ANOTHER—FROM THE SAME.

Home, can never be transferred;—never repeated in the experience of an individual.—The place consecrated to parental love, by the innocence and sports of childhood, by the first acquaintance with nature; by the linking of the heart to the visible creation is the only home. There, there is a living and breathing spirit infused into nature; every familiar object has a history—the trees have tongues and the very air is vocal. There the vesture of decay doth not close in and controul the noble functions of the soul. It sees and hears and enjoys without the ministry of gross material substance.

"Who can convert to Lethe the sweetest draughts of memory?"

The story in one of the German papers (says the Truth Teller) respecting the reduced state and poverty of the Ex-King of Sweden, gives birth to singular reflections. It appears that he was lately obliged to travel outside a "diligence" in inclement weather, for want of funds to pay for an inside place, and that his hands were frost bitten in consequence. What a lesson on the instability of human affairs! So striking an instance of the freaks of fortune has not been played since the Ex-King of Corsica, Theodore, who lies buried in St. Ann's Church, London. He received in state a deputation which came to pay him some petty amount of a charitable subscription, under the gorgeous canopy of a check curtained half tester bed, his only furniture in the garret where he lived, and robed in a dress coat out at the elbows. The times have indeed been so fruitful in vicissitude, that the imagined meeting of the four Ex-Kings in Voltaire's Candide, who possessed only one shirt between them, is no longer a romance. Sometimes fortune appears no longer blind. Similarly abrupt changes, but of an opposite character, have also raised men from the lowest stations to the highest, by their own merit. Of this, Bernadotte, the crowned remnant of the Bonaparte school, is an extraordinary instance.

LARGE FRUIT.—The editor of the American Farmer acknowledges a present of strawberries from South America, measuring nearly four inches in circumference, and of an apricot which grew in Baltimore, measuring seven inches in circumference!

LARGE TREE.—About 14 miles from Pittsburgh, on the banks of the Ohio, stands a sycamore tree in which a family, consisting of seven persons, resided all winter, having been detained by the freezing over of the river while ascending it. In this tree they found room for all the necessary furniture and cooking utensils, having a fire in the centre, the smoke of which ascended through a hole in the trunk.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 25, 1827.

The Ariel has been sent regularly to our friends of the Portsmouth Journal. If any numbers are missing we will cheerfully supply them as soon as reprinted.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications have been received from various quarters, most of them too late for this number. They shall be attended to without delay.

"S." is perfectly unintelligible—will he explain.

Our friend "HAMMER" (an odd signature) is very severe—indeed his remarks are too striking.

THE MILITARY SKETCH BOOK.—Copious extracts from this interesting work are to be found in every newspaper. It is of the light, trifling order of books, and is a legitimate member of that family to which belong the "Adventures," "Travels," "Sketches," "Recollections," and that host of similar publications which has issued from the press during the last three years. In our next we shall notice it more particularly.

FROM THE CINCINNATI CHRONICLE.

Pirating.—In the last number of the Ariel two editorial articles are copied, verbatim, from the Saturday Evening Chronicle, without giving us credit, or even marking them as selections. We are far from feeling proud of the manner in which our humble Chronicle is edited, but if any of our remarks are worthy of being copied, we claim for them an acknowledgement of the source from whence they are taken.

We can assure our readers that the editor of the Chronicle spoke truly when he said there was nothing to be proud of in the articles whose unanointed transfer into our columns he so pathetically deploras. The articles which were copied from our testy friend of the west, were merely items of news, which all editors are privileged to copy without a formal acknowledgment. They are to be found under the head of "Literary Intelligence," in our 6th No. to which we refer the curious inquirer, as we do not think them worth republishing.

As the Chronicle abounds in every thing great, good, pithy, beautiful and pungent, we shall hardly be able to conduct our little paper without drawing largely upon such ample stores of wit and learning; in which event we shall be careful to say, that the extract is not only from the "Cincinnati Saturday Evening Chronicle," but that, in the editor's own words, it

"IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

E. S. & A. S. BUXTON,

In the second story of the building on the north-east corner of Main and Third street.

Terms of Subscription—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance; Three Dollars if not paid within six months; and Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed to the end of the year. Six months, One Dollar and Fifty Cents, in advance.

A failure to notify a discontinuance at the end of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements inserted three times for one dollar per square of sixteen lines, and twenty-five cents for each continuance.

All this we shall publish gratuitously, lest we should be again accused of pirating other matter of the same worthless character.

The long looked for *Life of Napoleon*, by the Author of *Waverley*, has at length appeared in this city. No formal criticisms have yet been ventured upon the merits of the whole work, although a part of it had met the approbation of the *American Quarterly*, some months ago. This voluminous work has already been stereotyped.

A new paper, under the title of the "*HESPERUS*," is to be established in Pittsburg, to appear semi-monthly, in quarto. It will be exclusively literary. Works of this kind are springing up around us with wonderful rapidity.

The criticisms of our correspondent "*ARION*," are unmanly, and altogether unworthy the talents of one who writes so well. He must be laboring under some strange delusion. How can he lend his pen to the propagation of such sentiments against that gentle sex from which he cannot but acknowledge all his hopes and happiness are derived. Is it not an ungrateful return? Let him look round among the long catalogue of female authors, and name one, if he can, who has ever penned a single sentiment half so cuttingly unkind as the mildest of his own. He is welcome to our columns upon almost any other subject.

The following poem may be justly ranked among the brightest inspirations of the muse. It is from the pen of that highly gifted son of song, Mr. Halleck, of New York, and was originally published under the signature of "*CROAKER & Co.*" Although it has been frequently republished, and may be familiar to many of our readers, yet we consider it a gem of too rare a brightness to omit transferring it to the columns of the *Ariel*.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Upfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land!
Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpeting loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strike the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,)
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor-glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance in the glance!
And when the cannon mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
There shall thy victor-glances glow,
And covering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below,
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy folds shall glitter o'er the brave,
When, on the gale, careering on the gale,
Thy victor-glances glow,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance in the glance!
And when the cannon mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
There shall thy victor-glances glow,
And covering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below,
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the free-heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

TO A KISS.

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connexions,
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss!
Speaking silence! dumb confession!
Passion's birth and infant play!
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day!
Sorrowing joy! adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must join,—
What words can ever speak affection,
So thrilling, so sincere as thine.

THE BLUSH.

Roseate tint of purest virtue,
Bloom ethereal, blush divine!
Bidding, by thy sweet effusion,
Loveliness more lovely shine!
More than beauty's fairest feature,
More than form's most perfect grace,
Touching the fond heart, and giving
Softest charms to every face.
Test of quick impassion'd feeling,
Jewel in the dower of youth;
Modesty's unquestion'd herald,
Pledge of innocence and truth.
Infant passion's varying banner,
Trembling consciousness display'd!
Lover! seize the fleeting meteor,
Catch the rainbow ere it fade.

THE TEAR.

Sacred boon of favoring Heaven!
Test of reason's pearly tear!
In some bounteous moment given,
Soothing anguish most severe!
Melting child of mute affection,
Misery's due and feeling's gem,
Precious pledge of young affection,
Fairest flow'r on pity's stem!
Reconciliation's sweet oblation
Healing the distemper'd heart!
Friendship's dearest, best libation,
Balm for every anxious smart!
Oh, how near allied to sorrow,
Are our transports most sincere!
E'en delight is forced to borrow
Feeling's rich expressive tear!
Humid eyes that softly languish,
What do your full orbs declare?
Dew-drop form'd of hope and anguish,
Love himself has placed thee there!

The following Ode, we believe, has been but once or twice republished in this country. It was written in 1799, and recited at the Anniversary of the Liverpool Marine Society:

What is life but an ocean, precarious as those
Which surround this terraqueous ball?
What is man but a bark, often laden with woes?
What is death but the harbor of all?
On our passage to-day may be mild and serene,
And our loftiest canvass be shown;
While to-morrow fierce tempests may blacken the
scene,
And our masts by the board may be gone.
On life's rosy morn, with a prosperous breeze,
We all our light sails may display—
With a cloudless horizon may sweep at our ease,
And of sorrow ne'er feel the salt spray:
But, ere we have reach'd our meridian, the gale
From the point of ill-fortune may blow;
And the sun of our being all cheerless and pale,
May set in the wild waves of woe.
Experience, when bound o'er the turbulent waves,
Remembers that ills may arise;
And, with sedulous care, ere the danger he braves,
His bark with spare tackle supplies.
So you, on life's ocean, with provident minds,
Have here a spare anchor secur'd,
With which, in despite of adversity's winds,
The helpless will one day be moor'd.

When the strong arm of winter uplifts the blue main,
And snow-storms and shipwrecks abound;
When hollow cheek'd famine inflicts the fell pain,
And the swamp flings destruction around;
When the folly of rulers embroils human kind,
And myriads are robbed of their breath—
This wise institution may come o'er the mind,
And may soften the pillow of death.

The poor widow'd mourner, the sweet prattling
throne,
And the veteran, whose powers are no more,
Shall here find an arm to defend them from wrong,
And chase meagre WANT from their door,
This is following the wind to the lamb newly shorn,
And, O blest Institution! the child yet unborn
With rapture shall hush forth thy praise.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

EDITING.—Most people (says the editor of the newly established *N. Y. Courier*), are of opinion that it is a very easy matter to conduct a paper. We thought so ourselves, till experience taught us how egregiously we were in an error. An editor of a paper should be acquainted with types and poetry, and business and philosophy; he should be conversant with the arts and the sciences; he should know every body, and be familiar with all sublunary things; he should have the wisdom of Solon, and the honesty of Aristides; the courage of Achilles and the powers of Ajax; he should be correct and zealous, and untiring and vigilant; as equally tempered as Socrates, and as patient as Job. He should be found at his post at the still hour of midnight, and at the earliest dawn of the morning; when he sleeps, he should sleep with one eye unclosed, and when awake he should be indeed awake.

MRS. ROYALL.—The editor of the *Boston Gazette* has had a morning call from this genius of the quill and ink pot.—She saluted the Editor with "you are a set of cut throat scoundrels. They tell me you are missionaries. I'll have you all in my black book. Who told you I was a friend to General Jackson? I'm a friend to the whole human race, except the missionaries, and they have tried to hurt the sale of my volumes, &c."—Oh, what insults we editors are doomed to!

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.—A jury in England has returned a verdict of manslaughter against the Engineer of a Steamboat, for the bursting of the boiler, by which a person got scalded to death.

We understand (says the *New York American*) that the wonderful dog *Apollo*, exhibiting at the American Museum, and whose performances are incredible, was sold a few days since, for the sum of 800 dollars.

No person confined to the House of Correction in Worcester, Mass. as a common drunkard, is hereafter to be discharged without a certificate from a doctor that he has submitted to medical treatment for a cure.

A riot is said to have taken place in Kingston, U. Canada, (probably connected with the elections going on there) in which the authorities were obliged to call out the military, and before the unhappy affair was quelled, several of the rioters were shot.

The celebrated full length portrait of Gen. Washington, painted by Stewart at Philadelphia, has been recently disposed of by Mr. Stanley, of Bond street, London, to a Russian gentleman, for £1000. It was painted at the express desire of a person of distinction, and was presented to the first Marquis of Lansdown, then Lord Shelburn, by whose executors it was sold, with the rest of his Lordship's collection. The original letter of Washington to the artist, appointing the time of sitting, accompanied the picture.

A PEDESTRIAN.—An intelligent young foreigner named Arthur Hoeninghans, son of a German of rank and respectability, passed through Johnstown, N. Y. lately on his way from Boston to Niagara Falls. He travels on foot, carrying a neat and convenient little pack, containing a few articles of clothing, writing apparatus, &c. His manner of travelling he has chosen for the purpose of being particular in his observations of the country, with the appearance of which thus far, he expresses himself highly gratified.

On Sunday the 15th inst. at Southington, Conn. a little child besought its mother for a knife; after some importunity, she allowed it to take the instrument. The child then begged to have it opened; the mother imprudently opened it, and passed out of the room. In a moment she heard her infant scream—returned and beheld it a corpse! The knife was sharp pointed, and the child stumbled and fell upon it with such force, that it entered the left side, and pierced the heart.

The New Bedford Mercury has a good story of two friends who attended a public dinner. N. told D. the excellent toast he intended to give; but D. contrived to be called on first and gave N's only toast; and then had him referred to for a sentiment, when he knew he was a man of only one idea, and he had stolen that!—There's a situation!

In the pardon of Isaac B. Desha, the Governor uses the following expressions: "And whereas the whole of the evidence against the said Isaac B. Desha, being circumstantial, and from much of it being irreconcilable, I have no doubt of his being innocent of the foul charge; therefore, is an object worthy of executive clemency," and therefore he grants the "full and free pardon for the supposed offence."—On this, the Frankfort Commentator remarks:—"Two different juries have found the young man guilty, upon testimony as conclusive, as perhaps ever was adduced against a criminal: it was remarkably clear of discrepancies. His father heard both these trials, and yet, if we may believe his professions, thinks Isaac was innocent."

Among several advertisements published in the Boston News Letter, for 1766, is the following.—"Also, a Large London Doll, dressed in the most elegant manner, and after the newest taste, suitable for a Mantua-maker, as it shews the present fashions at London."

A boat-builder in Reading, Pa. recently constructed a boat that would carry a wagon, and a wagon that would carry a boat. With these, shifting and sailing by turns, as turnpike, river, or canal, rendered it most convenient, he arrived at Philadelphia, where he sold the boat at a good profit, and returned in the wagon.

The exhibition of M. Maelzel's automaton has given rise to the mechanical genius of our countrymen. In addition to several chess players, which have been made and exhibited at New York, an automaton card player is to be brought forward at Rochester, N. Y. with another piece of mechanism which is described as equally wonderful, and more useful.

The following is published in the Kentucky Reporter as the bill of fare at the late public dinner given to Mr. Clay in Lexington, at which 1500 or 2000 persons were present.

500 lbs. Bacon ham—300 do. Beef—26 Shoats and roasted—14 Lambs—7 Veals—120 Chickens—300 plates of pastry—356 loaves of bread—15 large loaves corn bread—potatoes, beans, peas, cucumbers, onions, &c. to the amount of 11 bushels—200 heads of early York cabbages, together with the usual assortment of pickles in sufficient quantity.

FROM THE TRUTH TELLER. GARRETS.

We never think of a garret but an infinitude of melancholy and lanky associations of skin and bone poets and authors come thronging to our imaginations. All ideas of the sins of the flesh evaporate on our entrance; for if all the flesh that ever inhabited a garret were to be duly weighed in the balance, we are of opinion that it would not altogether amount to a ton. In walking up the steps that lead to this domiciliary appendage of genius, we are wholly overcome by the sanctity of the spot. We think of it as the resort of greatness, the cradle and grave of departed intellect, and pay homage to it in a sullen smile or a flood of tears. A palace, a church, or a theatre, we can contrive to pass with some degree of indifference; but a garret—a place where Goldsmith flourished, and Chatterton died, we cannot ever presume to enter, without first paying a tribute of deference to the presiding deity of the place. How venerable does it appear, at least if it is a genuine garret, with its angular projections, like the fractures in poor Goldsmith's face, its tattered and threadbare walls, like Johnson's wig, and its numberless "loopholes of retreat" for the north wind to peep through, and cool the poet's imagination. The very forlornness of its situation inspires elevated ideas in proportion to its altitude; it seems isolated from the world, and adapted solely to the intermediate connexion that genius holds with heaven.

It was in a lonely garret, far removed from all connexion with mortality, that Otway conceived and planned his affecting tragedy of Venice Preserved; and it was in a garret that he ate the stolen roll, which ultimately terminated in his death. It was in a garret that poor Butler indited his inimitable Hudibras, and convulsed the king and the court with laughter, while he himself writhed in the gnawing pangs of starvation. Some one has thus aptly alluded to the circumstance:

"When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him, resolved to clay and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust;
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He asked for bread and he received a stone."

A gentleman found Dryden in his old age exposed to the attacks of poverty, and pining in a garret, in an obscure corner in London.—"You weep for my situation," exclaimed the venerable poet, on seeing him "but never mind, my friend, the pang will be over soon." Poor Chatterton, "the sleepless boy that perished in his pride," overcome by the pressure of poverty, and stung to the quick by the heartless neglect of a bigoted aristocrat, commenced his immortality in a garret at Shoreditch.—For two days previous to his death he had eaten nothing: his landlady pitying his desolate condition, invited him to sup with her; he spurned the invitation with contempt, and put an end to his existence by poison. Crowds inflicted elegies on his memory, the length and breadth of which filled volumes, while the subject of these doleful tributes lies buried in a common workhouse in Shoe lane, unnoticed by epitaph or elegy. When a nobleman happened by chance to call upon Johnson, he found this great author by profession in a state of the most desponding hopelessness: a thing which an antiquary might perhaps discover to have once been a table, was stationed in the middle of the garret, a few unfinished papers and manuscripts were scattered about the uncarpeted floor in every direction, and the unfortunate owner of these curiosities had neither pen, ink, paper nor credit, to continue his lucubrations. It was about this time, when threatened to be

turned out of his literary pig-stye, that he applied to Richardson, the celebrated novelist, for assistance, who instantly sent him five pounds; a sum which relieved him from misery and a dungeon. Poor Goldsmith was once seated in a garret, where the "Deserted Village" was written, in familiar conversation with a friend, when his pride was considerably annoyed by the abrupt entrance of the little girl of the house, with "Pray Mr. Goldsmith, can you lend Mrs. — a pot full of coals!" The mortified poet was obliged to return an answer in the negative, and endured the friendly but sarcastic condolence of his companion. In a garret, either in Old Bailey or Greenarbor Court, the exquisite "Citizen of the World," and equally celebrated "Vicar of Wakefield," were written. Of the last mentioned work, the following ludicrous anecdote is not, we believe, generally known.

While Goldsmith was completing the closing pages of his novel, he was roused from his occupation by the unexpected appearance of the landlady, to whom he was considerably in arrears, with a huge bill for the last week's lodgings. The poet was thunderstruck with surprise and consternation; he was unable to answer her demands, either then or in future; at length the lady changed the nature of his embarrassment, by offering to remit the liquidation of the debt, provided he would accept her as his true and lawful spouse. His friend, Dr. Johnson, chanced by great good luck to come in at the time, and by advancing him a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his establishment, consisting only of himself and a dirty shirt, relieved him from his matrimonial shackles.

A literary friend once called to pay Fielding a visit, and found him in a miserable garret without either furniture or convenience, seated on a gin tub turned for a table, with a common trull by his side, and a half emptied glass of brandy and water in his hand. This was the idea of consummate happiness entertained by the immortal author of "Tom Jones."

The French poet Boissy and his family being unable to procure subsistence by their literary exertions, came to the somewhat novel expedient of anticipating the period of their starvation. They blocked up the door of their garret with the miserable remnants of their furniture, and, locked in each other's arms, with their little children by their side, coolly awaited the period of their final release from the thralldom of existence. In the last hours of sinking nature, the door of their garret was forcibly burst open, their friends entered and beheld the parents dying and the children dead. With some difficulty the former were restored to health, and lived to behold a youth of misery obliterated by an old age of honor and happiness.

Our modern Bloomfield, of rural and pastoral celebrity, wrote his "Farmer's Boy" in a garret occupied by shoemakers, and pursued his poetical occupation amid the din of hammers and the clatter of heels. Collins composed his odes in some such miserable dwelling.

Happiness, says the learned Dr. Nettleton, does not consist in the enjoyment of pleasure without ever feeling any pain—but in a due mixture and alternate succession of each. A state of uninterrupted joy and delight, without any alloy of sorrow, is a perfect chimera; and to expect all the sweet without ever tasting the bitter, would be most unreasonable:—neither ought we to desire it, because without a mixture of the latter, the former would not possess any desirable relish.

The increase of crime in N. York, has made it necessary to open the police office on Sunday.

FOR THE ARIEL.

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

We are all selfish. To the heartless mercenary who spares not a penny for the relief of a fellow being, none would hesitate to apply that epithet. But to him also who receives the appellation of "Benevolent," this term is likewise applicable. 'Tis to gratify his own feelings, that the former refuses to give aught to the wants of another, and it is assuredly from the same motive that the latter is prompted to relieve them. Yet perhaps the Benevolent, (one may say) does not always act to please himself. There are some who are ruled by feeling. Those who have naturally a sensibility of heart will have a hand "open as day to melting charity." From the exercise of such feelings they derive their own pleasure, as well as give relief to others. They therefore act from a selfish motive. But those who have not this sensibility to another's suffering, the cold, the indifferent, may be as active in the discharge of these duties as one of more susceptibility. They, therefore, act from a sense of duty alone, and in them it becomes a virtue. Yet they are still governed by the same principle—in the consciousness of doing well they have their reward; without which recompense they would not have acted. Thus they too are selfish. Friendship, though it be of the purest kind, is subjected to this influence. How many a romantic enthusiast who may talk of generosity, disinterestedness, acts from motives such as these. To ensure his friend's felicity he will make any sacrifice, though at the risk of making himself miserable. But he is not miserable, tho' the sacrifice is made. He is not miserable, because the sacrifice has given a new pleasure to his heart. It may be the only pleasure left him to experience—but it is enough to reward him for all he has relinquished—'tis enough to gild adversity, soothe sickness, to assuage sorrow, to soften slavery, and even to illumine the darkness of the prison-house. They too, then, are selfish who sacrifice their own pleasure to the happiness of a friend. And Love! how selfish is Love! Nor only those who are swayed by the passion alone, but he, who by the sentiment in all its purity imagine they are governed. The lover will relinquish the object of his affections, when he knows that by so doing he may keep from her the sorrow or the suffering which might otherwise attend her. This gratifies his feelings, for in her peace he finds his own, and her misery will bring sorrow to his own heart. And even Devotion—fervent as it may be, is assailed by selfishness. Were there no hereafter, would the devotion be righteous? Were there no future punishment, would we abstain from evil? And were there no reward in a future state, how few would take up the cross and deal justly with all? SYLVIA.

However rich or powerful a man may be, says Lord Lyttleton, it is the height of folly to make personal enemies from any, but particularly personal motives; for one unguarded moment may yield you to the revenge of the most despicable and malicious villain among the vast assortment that besets mankind.

FOR THE ARIEL.

The following lines were written on seeing a Toad in a very romantic situation.

What varied beauties deck thy dwelling, Toad!
The breath of fragrance all around thee spread,
Luxuriant foliage veils thy cool abode,
And crimson clusters shade thy auburn head.
Encircling sweets invite thy dubious lip,
Soft breezes lull thee to profound repose,
And liquid chrysal tempts thy tongue to sip
The dew-drop falling from the unfolding rose.
Then, speckled wand'rer, while thou may'st partake,
Enjoy thy blessings while the power is thine,
For, ere an hour rolls by, some hungry snake,
(For aught I know) shall on thy carcase dine!

HUMOROUS.

Præter, Pains, lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

At a late fire in London, while the engines were discharging their contents upon the roof of a house, an inscription on it became nearly obliterated. "By my showl," exclaimed a witty Irishman in the crowd, "this is a queer time for a joke." "And who is joking?" growled one of the firemen. "Why, don't you see man, how your'e playing upon words?"

INTELLIGENCE OF AN OYSTER.—On an action for an assault and battery, it was deemed important to ascertain the size of a certain stone with which it was alleged the battery had been committed. For this purpose a witness was called to the stand, and the following brief report of his examination will show how perfectly his testimony must have satisfied the jury.

Q. Did you see the defendant throw the stone? A. I saw a stone, and I am pretty sure D. threw it. Q. Was it a stone of considerable dimensions? A. Why it was considerable of a stone. Q. How large was it? A. I should say it was a largish stone. Q. What was its size? A. Why it was a sizeable stone. Q. Can't you answer definitely—how big was it? A. I should say it was a stone of some bigness. Q. You are a singular witness—can't you give the jury some idea of the stone? A. Why as near as I can recollect, it was something of a stone. Q. Can't you compare it with some other object? A. Why if I was to compare it, so as to give my notion of the stone, I should say, as near as I can judge, it was about as big as a PIECE OF CHALK!!

PETER'S RIDE TO THE WEDDING.

Peter would go to the wedding, he would;
So he saddled his Ass and his wife;
She was to ride behind, if she could,
For says Peter, the woman, she should
Follow, not lead, through life.

He's mighty convenient, the Ass, my dear,
And proper and safe,—and now
You stick by the tail while I stick by the ear,
And we'll get to the wedding in time, never fear,
If the wind and the weather allow.

The wind and the weather were not to be blamed,
But the Ass—he had let in a whim,
That two at a time was a load never framed
For the back of one Ass, & he seemed quite ashamed
That two should be stuck upon him.

Come Dobbin, says Peter, I'm thinking we'll trot—
I'm thinking we won't, says the Ass
In the language of conduct, and stuck to the spot,
As though he had said he would sooner be shot
Than lift up a toe from the grass.

Says Peter says he, I'll whip him a little;
Try it, my dear, says she—
But he might as well have whipped a brass kettle,
The Ass was made of such obstinate mettle,
That never a step moved he.

I'll prick him, my dear, with a needle, says she,
I'm thinking he'll alter his mind.
The Ass felt the needle, and up went his heel,
Says Peter, I think he's beginning to feel
Some notion of moving behind.

Now give me the needle, I'll tickle his ear,
And set t'other end too a-going;
The Ass felt the needle, and upwards he reared,
But kicking and rearing was all, it appeared,
He had any intention of doing.

Says Peter, says he, we are getting on slow;
While one end is up t'other sticks to the ground,
But I think of a method to match him I know,
We'll let, for an instant, both tail and ear go,
And spur him at once all around.

So said, so done, all hands were a spurring,
And the Ass he did alter his mind,
For he flew in a trice, like partridges whirling,
And got to the wedding while all were a stirring,
But he left his load behind!

AN OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

THE MOST UNFORTUNATE CONDITION.—In a conversation held by Charles IX. by several learned men, it was disputed what condition of life was the most unfortunate. "In my opinion," said Tasso, "the most unfortunate condition is that of an impatient old man depressed with poverty; for," added he, "the state of that person is doubtless very deplorable, who has neither the gifts of fortune to preserve him from want, nor the principles of philosophy or religion to support himself under affliction."—*Boile's Life of Tasso.*

SEDUCTION.—The man who lays a snare to entrap innocence, however shielded by the specious names of gallantry or gaiety of disposition, is a fiend and a monster that should be shunned and detested by society.

SELF DENIAL.

Brave Conquerors!—for so ye are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.

Shakespeare.

AGAINST DELAY.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them. *Ibid.*

MISER.—Tantalus, 'tis said, was ready to perish with thirst, though up to the chin in water. Change but the name, and every rich man is the Tantalus in the fable. He sits gazing over his money, and dares no more touch it than he dares commit sacrifice.—*Rule of Life.*

RHYMES.—Feelings they excite.

Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,
Than one of those same metre ballad mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mining poetry:
'Tis like the fore'd pace of a shuffling nag.

Shakespeare.

Railery is more insupportable than wrong; because we have a right to resent injuries, but it is ridiculous to be angry at a jest.

Repentance is not so much remorse for what we have done, as the fear of consequences.

How can we expect that another should keep our secrets, when it is more than we can do ourselves?

Spring love often freezes in winter; and love once congealed, seldom pursues its old channel again.

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.

EPIGRAM.

Hans published satires upon me, you say,
Which vitily sorely my words and my deeds;
Pooh, publish?—poor Hans, let him scribble away,
'That can scarce be call'd "publish'd" which nobody reads.

Lessing.

A poor fellow condemned, told the late justice Burnett, it was very hard to be hanged for stealing a horse. "No, friend," said the Judge, "you are not hanged for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen."—*Bennet's Treasury of Wit.*

PHILOSOPHY.—Misfortunes cannot be avoided, but they may be sweetened if not overcome, and our lives may be made happy by Philosophy.

Friendship I see takes no measure of any thing, but by itself; and where it is great and high, will make its object so, and raise it above its level.